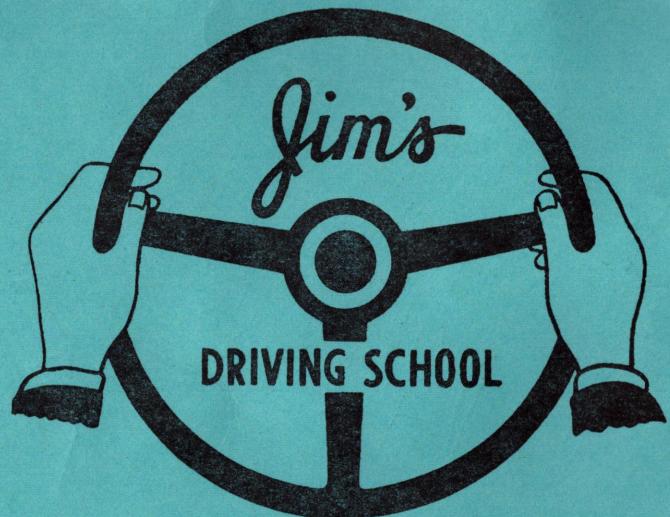


The Student's Pen

Spring,
'64

C.S. Henry

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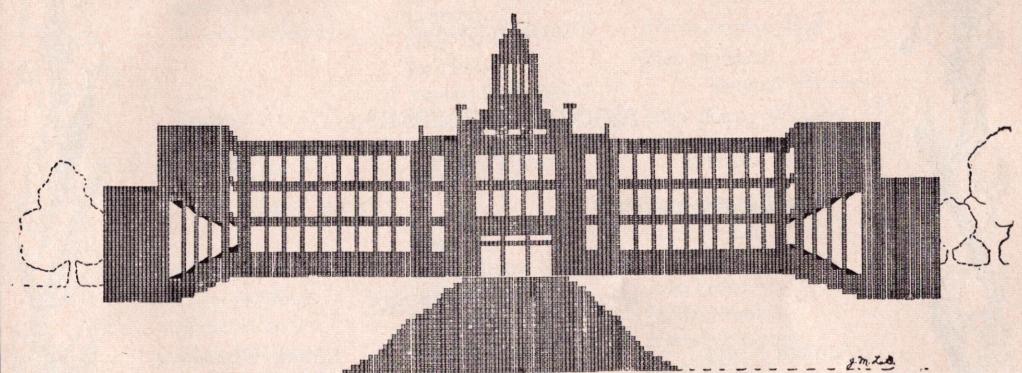
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EDITORIAL

Have You Heard the Latest?

By Kathie Shelton, '64

PUT a little fun in your life: try spreading rumors.

Spreading rumors, or better yet starting them is an exciting field full of opportunities for those eager individuals who wish to build prestige or revenge themselves on past enemies. It is done in the best circles, practiced by the socially prominent. Rumor-spreading is IN.

Everyone dips his finger in the business once in a while. If you do not spread rumors, you will be a non-conformist. And you know what happens to those awful non-conformists! People say nasty things behind their backs.

Playing in the mud came to you naturally as a child. Keep that young-at-heart attitude! Try slinging it now that you are older. If you are a novice, or a rumor spreader coming out of retirement, you will want to start with a few simple thrusts. Pick out someone who is generally disliked, someone that you have heard a lot of rumors about, and add one more scandal to that person's record. When you become more adept you can aim at well-loved personalities, teachers, public officials and national figures.

While the most effective and quickest spreading rumor is one which condemns, other varieties can be fun. Do a little research, or better yet, do not do any and invent some terribly embarrassing ditty and plant it quietly. The growth will astound you. If you are a bit timid, you need not come out and announce your fact. A subtle question patterned on the "Does she or doesn't she" type can work wonders. Further down the grape vine your question is turned into a black-and-white statement and the result is about the same. For the rank amateur, the

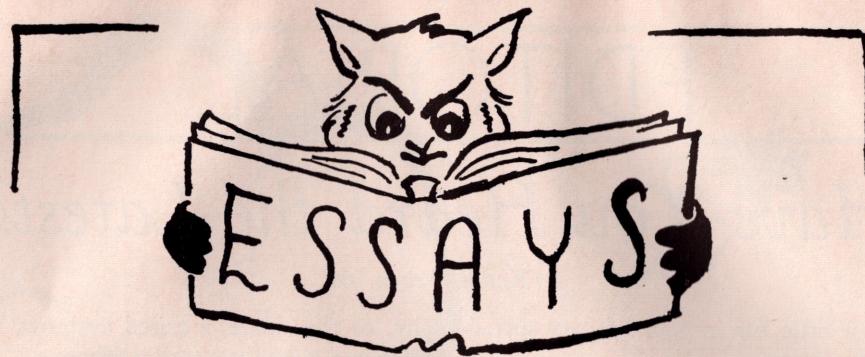
shy, or the subtle, a raised eyebrow, a sly wink or a quiet "tsk, tsk" is effective.

A devoted rumor spreader considers three points: purpose, audience and occasion. The purpose can vary from self-betterment ("Did you know that I used to model for *Seventeen*?") to the destruction of another ("He beats his grandmother.") The audience, for maximum credulity, should be contemporaries and peers. The point which separates the journeyman from the apprentice is the choice of occasion. A rumor blurted out at an inopportune moment will rise like a twelve-ton blue-jay. The place is of prime importance. Girls, pajama parties are ideal; Boys, the locker room is your best bet. Deliver your gem smoothly with an earnest expression and, Voila!, you are on your way. The best reward for a dyed-in-the-wool gossip, is that sparkle of animal-like joy in the eye of the receiver; the knowledge that you have impaled another buddy on the mounting pin of gossip.

Local rumor spreaders take just pride in the efficient rumor chain which runs through our society. Tarzan never had such a grape vine. An event which occurs at 10:17 is noted, passed on and changed three times by the half hour. Nothing can silence this voice of democracy where anyone can malign anyone else. It is this thought that gives hope for future generations: when all else is stripped away, that glorious rotten core will continue. Every person is a vital link in this chain which has the power to strangle the world. You have a duty to keep the chain intact. Think of all those who rely on your slanderous word: the thousands next to you in line. It is your job to see that they see the light of everlasting night.

Table of Contents

HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?, by Kathie Shelton, '64	5
WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?, by Debbie Monteleone, '65	6
A NON-MIDDLE, by Libby Funke, '65	7
COED, by Kathie Shelton, '64	7
BENNY BASKETBALL PLAYER	9
APPARITION IN A STORM, by Susan Plumb, '66	10
THE FROST SPIRIT, by Stephen Rosenbaum	11
POETRY	12
FEATURES	14
EXCHANGE PAGE	16
SCHOOL NOTES	17
WHO'S WHO AND WHY	18
OTHER LANGUAGES	20
GIRLS' SPORTS	22
BOYS' SPORTS	24



Won't You Sit Down?

By Debbie Monteleone, '65

I DO NOT complain. It is true that at times I may point out very discreetly and calmly a few minor irritations which I find tend to try my patience to its limits, but I prefer to regard this as sort of a public service resulting in world improvement. Consequently, I feel it necessary to bring to public attention the daily battle waged by the students of P.H.S. against that unconquerable object—the cafeteria chair. Now don't misunderstand me; I have nothing against swings or see-saws or any type of rotating apparatus. It is just that I'd rather not be in a state of constant motion while trying to eat or study(?)

Having come from a home and school where the chairs are relatively stable, I found that the seating facilities in our cafeteria presented a fascinating challenge. Unfortunately (I still cringe with pain when I think of it), I quickly learned that the first talent one must acquire is the ability to sit down quickly (an absolute necessity) without slamming one's shin against that ridiculous metal bar obscurely attached under the table. This, understandably, requires about two months of diligent practice. Having mastered this difficult technique or simply resigning oneself to wearing shin guards, we advance toward our main and most difficult objective: to sit through the entire seventeen minutes of a lunch period in a state of immobility.

Naturally, the inexperienced (in this particular instance most probably an unskilled sophomore) finds himself in a number of ridiculously embarrassing situations. As he

reaches for his milk, his chair suddenly swings violently backward causing the unprepared student to lose his balance and pull the milk—where else?—into his lap. Result: an utterly complete mess. Score another for the mechanical army. Nevertheless, we observe that some enterprising students have overcome this entire problem by awkwardly, yet securely locking their legs around that metal bar, thus preventing any free movement of either the chair or themselves. But this is not the end of the trouble for the battle-scarred combatants.

Have you ever experienced that strange almost nauseating sensation of motion sickness incurred from the up and down "yo-yo" movement of the chair on your side when a somewhat heavier person sitting on the other side has inconsiderately decided to leave? There have been times when my chair dropped so low, so suddenly (I'm not very heavy—a decided disadvantage) that I cannot describe my immediate feeling of panic.

Then there is the ultimate mistake invariably made by every student: the dismissal bell rings and as you charge from your seat you come to the painfully startling realization that your chair opens on the other side, that there was a metal bar (another one) blocking your exit. And so as you, dear student of Pittsfield High School, lie on the hard floor of the cafeteria, excruciating pain enveloping nearly every part of your body, you resolve—as do we all sooner or later—to eat your lunch standing up.

MARCH, 1964

7

A Non-Middler

By Libby Funke, '65

I HAVE a problem. To some it may sound trivial or even funny, but for me it is a very serious and, at times, a bothersome thing. You see, I have no middle name. Oh, I try to conceal the fact by elaborating the loops on my initials, by writing my entire name out hoping that people will think my full name is too long and that I was simply too hurried to include my middle name, or even, as a last resort, by stealthily using the initial of my nickname (this, I realize, is dishonest but it does wonders for my ego!)

This all may sound silly to you, but have you ever had to skip over the MIDDLE NAME on all applications or done without monogrammed blouses, sweaters, and purses?

Filling out cards in school is a real horror for one in my position. After I have completely filled out the card (leaving out that one obviously blank section, of course) and turned it in, it is inevitable that the teacher will look up and accusingly say, "Elizabeth, am I to understand that you have no middle name?" And I, blushing from ear tip to ear tip, will meekly nod and think again, "Oh, how could my parents do this to me?" (You see, they are safe. My mother has a middle name and although my father does not, at least he has a Jr. to place after his last name!)

Then, of course, there is that tactless demon who is utterly fascinated by names. He will prance wickedly around asking anyone and everyone his or her name. I do not encounter this type too often; however, once or twice for a "non-middler" is quite enough. The humiliation and embarrassment induced by this experience is unforgettable.

For some in my position, the missing middle name has resulted in a feeling of inferiority. I have not yet reached this black pit; however, my resistance is breaking.

I am striking out in defense of the many abused "non-middlers" and feel our situation

should be revealed to all parents. It is up to them to solve this threatening problem and save their children from the mortification of being a "non-middler."

Coed

By Kathie Shelton, '64

CLOSE your eyes and say it again slowly. Coed. There she stands: plaid skirt, white blouse, bright sweater, shining hair, and glowing face. She looks well scrubbed and healthy. She is not beautiful; she is cute. Her image is constant: she stands laughing on a sunlit, windswept expanse of green. She is the ideal of every mother, boy, and future coed. However, she is only one. She exemplifies one type among many at a school.

This first type I will call the Golden Girl. The style of her clothes may vary from school to school as climate, surroundings and purpose dictate. What places her in this group is her cleanliness. She is scrubbed and she looks it. She is neat. Her clothes are fresh and ironed. Stockings do not bag; blouses do not hang; skirts are not rolled up. In a simple sentence, she is appropriate. She looks like a school girl; after all, she is one. Her clothes are functional; her air is casual and relaxed.

Another neat coed is a close sister to the Golden Girl; however, her brand of neatness is a precise one bordering on fastidiousness. While the Golden Girl is appropriate, this prim miss is too severe. The Perfectionist is so meticulous that she makes everyone aware of their slightest defects. Her clothes are forbidden to wrinkle, and her blouses stay so neatly tucked that the observer suspects a mechanical device. One look from her makes long-removed coffee stains glow on a dress. She is uncomfortably neat.

The Perfectionist may not be the most pleasant sight and she may remind you of a wax figure, but she is delightful compared to the remaining class. These coeds are those

who look as if they dressed in a dark closet; they are the sloppy individuals. Although the general appearance of the group is unpleasant, there are two sharp divisions: those who do not realize (or care) how they appear; and those who realize (and foster) their messy images. The first category is a type which goes through life in a cloud of dust; she not only is sloppy, but she also cannot see the outside world. This type is oblivious to passing fads—this could be a good trait—but she also seems to miss some ideas that have been around for a time and have caught on, such as washing, ironing, and hair combing. She has a slightly mussed and grimy appearance. An administration of soap and water could change her life, for she does not realize her messy state. If she knew how people reacted, she might be persuaded to mend her ways and her socks.

Not so in the second division—this type is incorrigible. The reason for her staunch adherence to a sloppy appearance is simple: she believes she is creating an image. She scorns her oblivious sister for she is a nothing, a blob; yet the image creator is very much like her, for neither realizes public reaction. The image maker, if she imitated a worthy model, might be a neat carbon even if she failed to be original. However, I am concerned with those that reproduce as a smudgy black.

Black is a necessary factor in the appearance of one type—the Beatnik. This coed's senses have disintegrated. They probably rotted away. She thinks in word associations: skirt—never; shoes—sandals; hair—straight; wash—what was that again? She despises the Golden Girl that she claims is a conformist. The Beatnik voices this opinion along with millions *just like her*. Black turtlenecks and pants, long hair and guitars do not veil dirt or conformity.

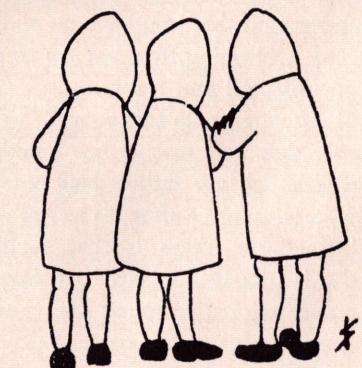
Another image creator can be classed as the drama major for her taste tends toward the gaudy and cheap which belong behind

the footlights *only*. She is sloppy in her over-use of makeup and her careless, run-down manner of dress.

The image which takes the most care and appears the worst is that of the country girl. Blue jeans, elbow patches, mussed hair, bare feet, plus a thousand carefully arranged doodads combine to produce a "natural" look. She is out of place.

There are many images which are copied; I have tried to show the few most prominent. The picture of the ideal coed will always remain the Golden Girl. The other types, both neat and sloppy, are found in every school. Although they are not mentioned as much as the Golden Girl, they will probably continue even if they are types only a mother could love. After all, there will always be mothers.

...and he claimed he couldn't find me in the crowd!!!



* * * *

Studies are golden
Though as a rule
One period a week
May mean four after school.

* * * *

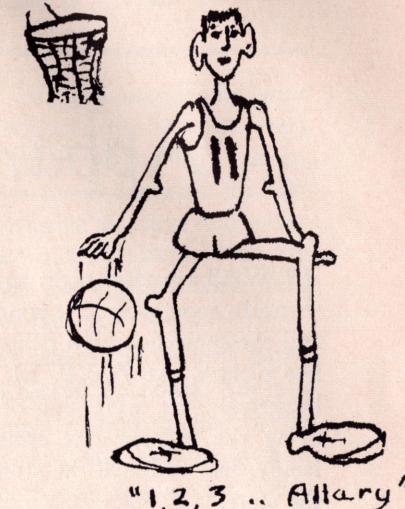
BENNY BASKET-ball PLAYER

Art by
JOAN MARCO
64'

CAPTIONS by
CAROL HALL
64'
DIANNE HARTWELL
64'



"Hi FANS"

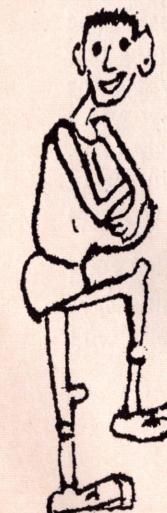


"1, 2, 3 .. Altary"

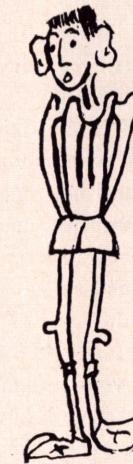
"ME FOUL That nice fellow ... Me????"



"But Art, How was I to know it was PAT?"



"All right, which one of you wise guys tied those shoe laces together?"



"Well I didn't step on him on purpose"

"This is my sneaky play"

"Aw Gee Coach,
The football team got
to tackle her!"



SHORT STORIES

Apparition In A Storm

By Susan Plumb, '66

IT WAS a perfect night to stay home and read a good book. The wind was whistling and the snow had been falling steadily since five o'clock. At 7:30 P. M. the inevitable happened—we were out of bread and I, being the number one errand girl in the family, had to brave the storm and walk to the store.

The store was not too far from the house, but on this frigid night it might as well have been miles away.

On the way to the store, I had to pass a large empty lot. In the daylight, I never gave it a second glance, but in the dark it was an eerie place to which I gave due respect by hurrying past.

The snow was blowing so hard that I could barely see two feet in front of me. As I passed the empty lot, I glanced timidly out of the corner of my eye and came to a dead stop. While standing there for a brief second I saw what appeared to be an evil looking old man staring straight at me with his eyes glittering in the dark. He was wearing an old crumpled hat and a scarf twisted carelessly around his neck, neither of which were in accord with the style of the day, and he had a corn-cob pipe dangling limply from the corner of his mouth. He seemed to sway toward me for a moment, then it seemed as if he beckoned me to come over to him.

You know the symptoms of fear; dry throat, the urge to scream, but no voice, chills up your spine, and legs like lead—I had them all. Who was he, what was he

doing here and what did he want? I didn't wait to find the answer. I started to run down the street, but my curiosity overcame my fear and I looked back at him. He just stood there staring at me. While I hesitated for a moment, a great gust of wind blew the swirling snow around him and the mysterious stranger seemed to disappear into the blizzard.

Needless to say, I came home by another route and I didn't mention this episode to the family. They always tell me that I have a wild imagination, but I know what I saw this night.

I couldn't sleep much that night, partly out of fear and partly out of guilt. Maybe he was ill or cold and was just looking for help. Suppose, by my ignoring him, I left him to freeze to death in the storm. I would never be able to forgive myself if this were true.

The next morning was sunny and the icicles were even melting off of the houses. Last night's blizzard could very well have been the last snow of the season.

On the way to school, as I passed the frightening place of the night before, I nervously looked over to the spot where the man stood last night. All that I saw was a melting snow man with an old slouched hat, a scarf around his neck, a pipe sliding out of his melting face and two black shiny pieces of coal for eyes.

Could this have been the mysterious old man of the storm? I hope so! But I will always have a little doubt, for I do have a wild imagination.

MARCH, 1964

The Frost Spirit

By Stephen Rosenbaum, '65

ONE by one, three small children left the warmth of their home to play outside in the frigid air. They were bundled up tightly and their scarves flailed wildly in the wind as they raced down the narrow road, farther and farther from their home. Soon, all that could be seen were three pairs of tiny footsteps continuing onward, seemingly pushed by the wind. "He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!" the cold wind seemed to whisper as it brushed through the naked woods, scattering the dead leaves and playing eerie rhythms on the thin, stiff branches.

In the north, a storm was beginning to brew, and the clouds were beginning to blot out the cold blue sky. Snow was in the air; it was getting colder outside. The winter's first snowfall was on its way, bringing with it bright visions of a white landscape stretching out to meet the horizon. But where are the children? They had been gone almost two hours and their mother was beginning to get worried. It was much too cold outside and there was a blizzard on the way.

"He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!" The shrieking wind now became an incessant drone as it sadly rushed by the pine trees, almost as if they were admonishing the three small children. "Come home; hurry, return before it is too late!" And soon it was too late as the snow began falling, slowly at first, but quickly reaching the point where everything was now glistening under a fluffy coat of white.

Three tiny children huddled together for protection from the pellets of snow and the sharp barbs of cold. Everything was white and unfamiliar. Where was the brook? They had just passed it; where was it? The brook could no longer speak as the cold had silenced it, letting it now flow noiselessly under a

sheet of fragile ice. The unrelenting wind whistled, as it whipped the snow in every direction, blinding the frightened children, who were now too numb to cry out for help. There were only feeble attempts and whispers which were quickly absorbed by the wild tumult which had engulfed them. Soon they would meet the Frost Spirit —

Crystals of ice glazed the window panes, as a roaring fire heated the house. The tiny footsteps had long ago been hidden by the snow and wind; had they ever really been there? Now, there was only a vast, white blankness, reaching far into the infinite boundaries of the night. Three pairs of overshoes were neatly arranged by the back door, and one scarf was thrown rakishly over the doorknob. Quickly, three rosy faces bobbed up over the back of the sofa, simultaneously breaking into a rousing, off key rendition of the chorus of "Jingle Bells." Without a moment's hesitation their mother quickly woke up, and after apologizing for her brief siesta, hustled into the kitchen. Under her breath she whispered the last lines of a poem she had learned many years before, her eyes watering as she recited each line, more meaningful than ever. And then there was only laughing and crying, as everything melted into one blur of happiness.

"He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes!—Let us meet him as we may.
And turn with the light of the parlor
fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle sound
when that fire-light dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of a baffled
fiend as his sound wing goes by."

—John Greenleaf Whittier

POETRY

WE WERE FRIENDS

By Linda Thompson, '64

Do you remember times gone by—
The fun, the games, the talks?
Could you forget the laughs we had
On those lengthy summer walks?
How can you forget our friendship
And be so icy cold,
When we have so many precious
Memories of old?

We two girls shared more,
As friends so very dear,
Than others could have shared;
But that is lost, I fear.
You sent daggers through my heart
With your ever-piercing words,
Words that can be thought,
But never should be heard.

You stole my peace and quiet
As you crept to steal my soul;
You left my mind in turmoil,
Where my heart was, a hole.
I hope that you regret them,
Those words so cold and cruel.
Our hearts should be forgiving,
Our friendship, a perfect jewel.

LOVE, LOVE, GO AWAY

By Diane Curley, '65

Love, love, go away!
You have lingered much too long!
I wish never to feel your sweet caress—
Nor hear your mocking song.

Love, love, go away!
It is time for us to part!
Your words have brought me sorrow—
Your wounds have broken my heart.

Love, love, go away!
How my heart does ache and burn!
But one day . . . yes, some day—
I shall ask you to return.

LONELINESS

By Margaret White, '64

Loneliness is sharp and chill
Like bitter snow on a bleak, cold hill,
Like an overgrown path, and a rotting fence
Long since left to the elements,
Like a long, empty road without an end,
Like faltering through life without a friend,
Like the haunting strain of a seagull's cry,
Like seeking a light in a starless sky.

When we are desolate, friendless, distressed,
Love is the best cure for loneliness.

PROBLEMS

By Patrick Markham, '66

Little children sit and cry,
Wondering how and wondering why.
Trees are bent out of shape,
While the elders sit and gape,
Wondering how and wondering why.
The hills are dressing in a sheet,
As the bobby pounds his beat,
Wondering how and wondering why.
Never talking, never sleeping;
Always somber, always creeping;
Wondering how and wondering why.

UNDERSTANDING

By Kathie Wineman, '65

The flowering bush, the vine, the tree,
Each signify;
But what? and why?
The world, a maze around me—
Complex, demanding,
Uncaring;
Never sharing.
A box, hemmed in.
Happiness?
Nothing.
I am nothing,
Trying to be something.
And why?
There is no purpose—
No unity.
Yet I seek.

MARCH, 1964

CONFUSION

By Diane O'Laughlin, '64

She is a girl of depression and confusion,
Her heart is bleeding and worn with pain,
Happiness and love are just mere illusions,
Her path through life has no useful aim,
Her mind seems useless as a broken crutch,
Each day she prays will be her last,
She reaches for warmth, but has no touch,
She wishes her life was in the past.

One day she will overcome this barrier of
depression,
Warmth will penetrate her lonely heart,
Her confusion will be downed with great
aggression,
Her mind will be as valuable as a masterpiece
of art,
No longer will she cry in the darkness of
night,
Her life will be happy as a young bird's first
flight.

SMALL PROBLEM

By Arlene Jaffe, '64

If Doctor Freud were alive right now,
This year of '63,
I'd really like to meet him
And find what's troubling me.

I know it's not my parents,
I'm never prone to tease.
My grades could stand improvement
To pass those S.A.T.'S!

He'd probably say, "Young lady,
The boys are your depression
If you would only be yourself
You'll make a fine impression."

The answer to this problem,
Is yours without a fee—
Just think that you're the very best,
You'll find it works, just see!

MY POETRY

By Pamela Mason, '66

Whenever I feel badly,
Or my soul is gay and light,
I feel I must express myself,
And so it is I write.

Composers write great pieces
When such an urge comes on;
But I must stay with poetry,
For I know little song.

A place or scene inspires me
As do my friends and home,
Or perhaps a certain feeling
O'er the woods where I do roam.

People read my poetry
And seem to like it well.
Then they add, "Write one for me!"
I think that would be swell!"

They just can't understand
I do not write to sell,
My poems are meant to express
My thoughts, and moods as well.

It takes a mood to write a poem,
A sudden urge or drive;
And writing 'til the work is done
And truly seems alive.

So all along my path in life,
Outside or in the home,
If e'er I have that sudden urge
I'll start to write a poem.

LOVE

By Kathie Wineman, '65

A rushing stream to river;
Deep river engulfed into ocean;
A pool, quiet,
But with
Ripples.

:: :: FEATURES :: ::

HAPPINESS IS . . .

no-calorie Rice-a-Roni
high college boards
gambling tables in the lobby
coffee for students at lunch
runless, bagless stockings
up and down stairs
a Jaguar X-KE
unbreakable guitar strings
beaucoup d'argent
T-bar, Teddy Bear, tired blood
a "Friendly" concession in the cafeteria
the senior play entitled "Cleopatra"
painless wisdom teeth
no detention
a contraction for Miss Haylon
Mr. Davison's getting well.

DEAR ELOISE

Dear Eloise,
A certain teacher keeps telling me that the South won the Civil—oops! I mean the War Between the States. Is this true?

A Northerner

Dear Northerner,
More or less!

Love, Eloise

Dear Eloise,
I have five dates for the Senior Prom. What can I do with them?

Overloaded

Dear Overloaded,
My phone number is 437902.

Love, Eloise

Dear Eloise,
I'm so worried about College Boards! I only got 750 and 755 on my PSAT'S.

Worry Wart

Dear Worry Wart,
I know how it is, but don't lose sleep over it. (By the way, I'll save you a seat in front of me for the test.)

Love, Eloise

Dear Eloise,

Every time I ask a boy to dance on a Sadie Hawkins, he refuses. What should I do?
A Sadie Fan

Dear Sadie Fan,

Why not ask a girl?!

Love, Eloise

Dear Eloise,

Every time I turn around they're changing the stair rules. Help! How can I keep from going the wrong way?

Confused

Dear Confused,

Don't turn around!

Love, Eloise

Dear Eloise,

My dates always seem to go bad. Please tell me what I can do!??!

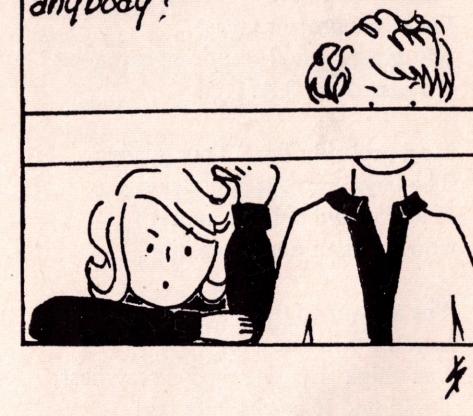
Bored One

Dear Bored One,

Try BAGGIES!!!

Love, Eloise

*These library lights are awful!
How do they expect me to see
anybody?*



MARCH, 1964

CASEY'S COLUMN

Well, dear ones, with spring springing all around us, my thoughts naturally turn to summer vacation (I know it is rather early, but . . .) and the latest happenings at P.H.S. For instance . . . Billy Martin is staying away from the office lately. Seems he doesn't get along with the door . . . The Senior Honors English class is a real cut-up—paper that is . . . The late Robert E. Lee, still very much alive in our memory, was honored with a party at which Phil Jacoby delivered a stirring eulogy, bringing tears to the Colonel's eyes . . . P.H.S. has its own girl Beatles. They are called the Bagels and sing really ingenious songs . . . Fan clubs are springing up all over. Following the lead of Don Lucaroni's admirers, Jeff Whitehouse has organized the Jeff Whitehouse Fan Club. I wonder if anyone will start a fan club for yours truly, the Sean O'Casey Fan Club. I like it! . . . I guess Carrie really showed Mike . . . A collection has been taken up to buy Tree a new turtle . . . Everyone thought that the G.A.A. Dance would bring about new romances, but a lot of the girls never did ask the "big question" . . . Did you happen to notice the way Bob Decelles ran down the basketball court? Just call him "Thumbs" . . . Shirley doesn't smile much lately . . . Sam has been called on to make some decisions lately, especially concerning George and Kevin . . . P.H.S. students really showed their spirit at basketball games. Congratulations all! . . . Dyan's setting her sights at Adams again. And I thought she learned her lesson the first time! . . . Deci and Louise are writing a new book, *Memories of Pathesope Berlitz* . . . Oh, I found a book (near Billy Martin's locker) entitled *The I Love You Book*. If it belongs to anyone—and I'm sure it must—he can pick it up from me . . . I hear the weather gets pretty cold in Bemidji, Minnesota—especially for a P.H.S. alumnus with a toothache!

. . . That's it for now, but remember—I'll be watching 'til Seniors stop writing essays, which is probably never! !

Sean O'Casey

P.H.S. PREVIEWS

Don't miss these sure-fire Hollywood hits starring many well-known local personalities . . .

"The Great Escape"—when the bell rings for dismissal, everybody stars!

"The Longest Day"—report card day.

"This Happy Feeling"—(sequel to above)
"I didn't flunk!"

"Lawrence of Arabia"—who else but Lawrence Levy and Arabia?

"Who's Minding the Store?"—starring the Retail Sales Club.

"West Side Story"—starring the sophomores.

"Don Quixote"—a challenging part for Dave Reilly.

"War and Peace"—you're right . . . co-starring Mike and Athene.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF . . .

Fran Moriarty didn't have a sandbox.
Mike Horrigan wore his hair like Rita Berry.

Luke didn't have a fan club.
Judy Cazavalen had black hair.
Dave Reilly couldn't say "Helloooo."
Linda Melvin could make up her mind.
Lisa Whitney and John Mattoon couldn't dance.

P.H.S. students went to hockey games.
Dave Southard was a 90-pound weakling.
Deci Wendell went with a P.H.S. basketball player.

Senior boys stopped talking to Sophomore girls.

Carrie Zieman swallowed her megaphone.
Colonel Brophy gave an easy test.
Pam Blewitt lost her voice.
Bob Decelles didn't have thumbs.
Tree didn't have Jimmy G.

Exchange Page

From the *Green Witch* of Greenwich High School, Greenwich, Connecticut.

THOUGHTS AFTER ANALYZING A POEM FOR ENGLISH

By Michele Disario, '63

When I was young I oft was asked
Exactly what I wished to be.
I did not know; I was too young,
But now I answer vengefully:
A poet I'll be and poems I'll write,
And students, reading, my name will curse,
For so obscure my poem'll seem
To them deciph'ring verse by verse.
And then my ghost I'll be and haunt
Their teachers—just to criticize
And tell them that my poems are clear
And nothing do they symbolize!

THE FLEXIBILITY OF YOUTH

By Carol Wikstrand, '64

The flexibility of youth
That allows me
To rebound
From one experience
To another
Is part of the beauty of being
Between childhood
And adulthood.
That quality
That allows me to be me
Instead of a staid, practical,
Set-in-my-ways adult
Is a brief, intangible phase
Too short to be fair.
Everything in life
Seems paramount
Until it has passed—
Then the next event, around the corner, is
here.
Who knows?
I live every moment—over-emotional—
Isn't it good?

MYSTERY

By John Putrino, '65

One dark night, a December fair,
I heard a voice, in the cold winter air;
The sound was pitched high, the tones very
sharp,
But the rhythm was smooth, as though of a
harp.
"It is nothing," thought I, so paying no heed,
Opened my book, and continued to read;
My eyes were cast on the pages below,
But my mind outside, with the wind and the
snow.
The voice still persisted, the volume grew
stronger,
Came to the point where I could stand it no
longer;
Who could it be? What—? I must know,
Alone in the darkness, with the wind and the
snow.
Stepping outside, my heart beating fast,
I hoped to solve this mystery at last;
Summoning my courage, I started my quest,
With the wind through my hair, and my
snow-covered breast.
Then seeing before me a massive oak tree,
"What a fool you are," said my conscience
to me;
The mystery's answer was simple you see,
For the voice was the wind's moving the tree.

From the *Beacon* of Gloucester High School,
Gloucester, Mass.

WHAT IS WINTER?

By Irene Jackson, '65

Winter is a black tree,
in the wind—
naked of green.
Winter is a forlorn, brown, blade
of grass—
naked of green.
Winter is a meadow
now blanketed with white
and naked of green.
Winter is the
earth—
naked of life.

SCHOOL NOTES

JUNIOR CLASS ELECTIONS

February was the month for the junior class elections. At a preliminary meeting in January, an election committee consisting of fourteen girls and eleven boys was selected. Prospective candidates obtained their nomination papers soon afterwards.

The final election was held on February 10, and the following juniors were elected: James Treat, president; Eugene Curletti, boys' vice president; Patricia Johnson, girls' vice president; Rose Mary Brown, secretary; and Bruce Powell, treasurer.



MISS DOWNING

Though unknown to most students at P.H.S., Miss Downing is the coordinator of THE PEN's activities at Crosby. A graduate of St. Joseph's High School and Emmanuel College in Boston, Miss Downing is an English teacher on both the C.P. and Honors level. When asked to compare the high school students of today with those of her own class Miss Downing frankly stated that we worry more, but also probably work harder than those of her own group.

BASKETBALL RALLIES

Three rallies were held during basketball season to encourage the team and to stimulate school spirit.

On January 23, seniors, junior Pep Club members, and sophomores attended the first St. Joe rally. The Varsity Cheerleaders took over for the most part, and Mr. Hennessy, Coach Moynihan, and Co-captains Bob Dezelles and Art Delusky gave speeches.

Dave Reilly was master of ceremonies for the Mount Greylock rally. Senior Pep Club members, juniors, and sophomores attended this rally during B-period on January 30. The Varsity Cheerleaders again led cheers.

HI-Y NOTES

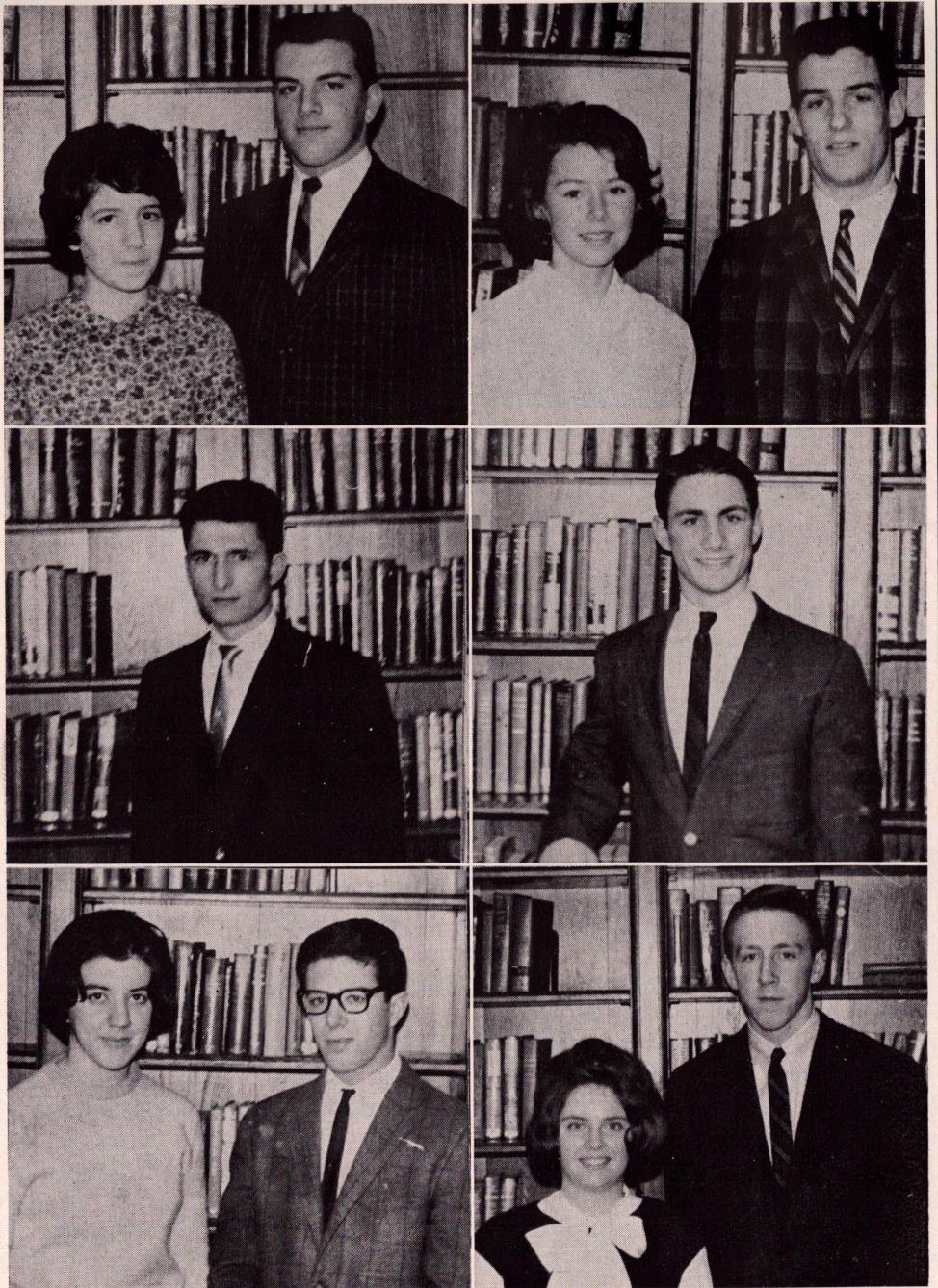
Tri-Hi-Y and Hi-Y groups at the Y.M.C.A. have been quite busy in the past month and plans for spring activities are underway.

Phi-Hi-Y along with Sigma has been selling "Y Mints" for World Service. Phi has conducted a dance, a co-ed basketball game, and a pizza party. This group has invited another Hi-Y club from Ludlow, Massachusetts, to play another coed basketball game.

Theta has been busy selling candy bars to enlarge their treasury. This club has been enlarged and now has a new advisor. Theta plans a trip to New York City this spring.

Under a helpful, new advisor, Sigma has had a jewelry auction, a swim party, a speaker who spoke about sororities on college campuses and at a meeting to which Alpha Tri-Hi-Y of North Adams was invited, a hairdresser spoke. For service projects, Sigma has made two hundred St. Patrick's Day candy cups to be sent to the Veterans' Hospital. The club plans to help with the Heart Fund and hopes to give some service to the Christian Center in Pittsfield. Plans are now under way for a trip to New York City during April vacation.

WHO'S WHO



AND WHY

SHIRLEY RUSSO AND MATT GIARDINA

This year's co-chairmen of the Lobby Decorating Committee are Shirley Russo and Matt Giardina. Shirley is active, being on the Cap and Gown Committee, the Advertising Staff of the *Dome*, the staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, and the Senior Class Council. She is an active member of both GAA and Pep Club. Since she has an avid interest in art, Shirley's plans after high school include a commercial art college.

Matt, a college preparatory student, is on the Senior Class Council, the Cap and Gown Committee, in the Pep Club, and a past member of the band. He is a homeroom representative and co-captain of the varsity baseball team. Matt plans to go to college when he graduates.

JERRY BAZZANNO

One of our top notch seniors this year at P.H.S. is class president, Jerry Bazzano. He is an active member of Pep Club and the track team and last year was junior vice president. He helped the junior class in its million and one activities such as the Junior Prom. A college prep student, Jerry hopes to attend BCC upon graduation. His interests center in the field of mechanics and engineering.

MAXINE ZAIKEN AND TONY VALENTI

Among the many offices held by Maxine Zaiken is co-chairman of Christmas Pageant. In addition, she is GAA president, Cadette's manager, co-editor of Girls' Sports for *THE STUDENT'S PEN*, a member of the Pep Club, and a member of the classroom scenes committee of the yearbook. She is also in Math Honors.

The other chairman of the Christmas Pageant is Tony Valenti. His various activities, aside from this, include Senior Class Council, intramural basketball, Pep Club, and membership in his church youth group.

JENNY CONGDON AND MIKE ROLPHS

Say "Hi" to Jenny Congdon and Mike Rolphs, co-chairmen of the Goodwill Committee.

Jenny Congdon can best be identified with a grey and white Chevy. Besides "eating" Jenny has other activities: membership in the Pep Club, GAA, the Safety Committee, and the Senior Class Council. She hopes to attend the University of Massachusetts and enter the field of pre-school teaching.

No doubt, the number forty will make you think of Mike Rolphs, one of our outstanding football players. Mike excels in sports, and he is a participant in many school activities. During his junior and senior year he was a member of the Class Council, and this year he is also on the Senior Class Council.

PHIL JACOBY

Phil Jacoby, an active college preparatory senior, hardly needs an introduction as his name is familiar to almost every Pittsfield High School student. Besides being the defensive captain for the varsity football team, Phil has been elected Student Council president for the current year. In addition to being an active council member, he is also homeroom representative. Phil is a veteran in these areas having been a member of the Student Council and a homeroom representative in his sophomore and junior years. Last year he did an outstanding job in performing the duties of chairman of the Jr. Prom.

CAROLE TOLE AND ED NUGENT

Meet Carole Tole and Edward Nugent—co-chairmen of the auditorium decorating committee. Ed is also manager of the basketball team, a member of the Pep Club, and a member of the activities committee of the yearbook. A college prep student, he hopes to attend Boston College. Carole is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A. Among her many hobbies is singing. Also a college prep student, she plans to attend nursing school.

OTHER LANGUAGES

JOCI ELEPHANTORUM

- I. Quid Caesar Dixit Cum Elephantos Venientes Vidisset?
Videte! Jam Elephanti Veniunt!
Quid Elephanti Dixerunt Cum Caesarem Vidissent?
Nihil! Elephanti Latine Non Dicunt!
- II. Cur Elephanti Calceos Rubros Gerunt?
Ut in Agro Fragi Abdant!
- III. Cur Elephanti Plantas Planas Habent?
Quod Elephanti Ab Arbore Subsulant!

NEWS:

This month we bring you another flash from our archaeology department. Last week a document was found at Trebia, Italy, which may well change history. Dated at 218 B.C., it is the diary of a Roman counter-spy who marched with Hannibal's army from the Rhone to the Po. As witnessed by the extract below, it now appears that skiing was actually invented by the Carthaginians, not by the Russians, as they would have us believe.

. . . Hodie Italiam intravimus. Animus exercitus tristis fuit.

Autem res inusitata post meridiem hodie accidit. Elephantos trans periculosum locum glaciale in via ducebamus. Primus elephantes cecidit et onus suum scrutorum demisit. Secundus elephantes, qui de colle et in aerum lapsus erat, in duas ex his tabulis cecidit et stans in his ad in firmam montem lapsus est.

Aliqui hominum audaciorum ludum ex lac calamitate fecerunt et ligans tabulas ad suas pedes et etiam de monte labuntur. Hac gratiam apud homines fit . . .

Of course this information is not positively verified yet; the diary is still being checked for authenticity. But, if it is authentic, who knows what other revolutionary breakthroughs it may lead to. Maybe the Russians didn't invent skating either.

POLITESSE

Dans la salle a manger du college, deux etudiants, un Francais et un Americain, ont ete places a la meme petite table. Chacun ne parle que sa propre langue. Quand l'Americain arrive, le Francais, deja assis, se leve aimablement et dit: Bon appetit! l'Americain, croyant qu'il se presente lui serre la main et se nomme: Paul Johnson. Puis les deux homes dejeument sans souffler mot. La meme chose se reproduit au diner et au dejeuner du lendemain. Cette fois, c'en est trop pour l'Americain qui va trouver un professeur et lui dit qu'il etait mis a la table d'un maniaque. Un certain Monsieur Bon-appetit! A chaque repas, il faut qu'il se presente. Le professeur amuse, lui explique son erreur. Le soir l'Americain s'avance vers la table et en saluant dit: Bonappetit. Le Francais, charme se leve en politesse et pour lui rendre son souhait en anglais, lui dit: Paul Johnson.

COSOS ACERCA DE PANAMA

Un pais del mismo tamano como Sud Carolina, Panama es muy importante a todo el mundo. Exporta bananas y camerones. Los Estados Unidos compran noventa por ciento de sus productos y venden mucho a Panama.

En 1903, despues de ganar su independencia, Panama vendio las derechos del Canal para siempre a los Estados Unidos para \$10.000.000 y una renta de \$250.000 al año. El veinte y cinco de enero de 1955, los Estados Unidos, pensando la renta demasiado poca, se pusieron de acuerdo pagar a Panama \$1.930.000 cada año. La Zona del Canal, una lengua de tierra de diez milas (cinco milas en cada lado del Canal), recibida en 1903, se quedaba en las manos de los Estados Unidos.

La Zona y el Canal son la vida de los Estados Unidos y de Panama. Podemos solamente esperar que nuestras problemas se resuelvan.

MARCH, 1964

21

SOEUR SOURIRE

L'histoire de la nonne qui chante est tres interessante. Elle voulait devenir nonne mais elle aimait sa guitare. Elle l'a portee avec elle de Bruxelles a Fichermont, un couvent, et est devenue nonne dominicaine. Un jour un groupe de jeunes filles a visite le couvent. Soeur Sourire, la nonne qui chante, a chante pour les visiteuses. Les filles ont voulu faire enregistrer sa belle voix sur un disque pour que le monde entier l'entende. Ce disque a de la vogue aux Etats-Unis maintenant.

HOW (ODER IST ES UGH?)

Ich ging gestern ins Kino in Hamburg. Ich wusste dass der Film auf Deutsch war, aber das machte nichts, weil ich genug Deutsch spreche, um solche Filme zu verstehen. Außerdem war es ein "Western". Das freute mich sehr. Aber ich wusste nicht, wie fremd fur mich ein "Western" auf Deutsch sein wurde. Auf Deutsch war er fur mich ein Lustspiel, z.B. der Indianer ritt sehr schnell durch die Wuste zu seiner Ansiedlung, warf aus dem Sattel, hob seine Hand, und sagte sehr ernst zu seinem Chef, "Wie geht's!"

* * * *

Der Fischer (zu dem Junge): "Du hast sehr lange gesessen und mich beobachtet. Angelst du viel?"

Der Junge: "Nein, nein, ich habe nicht Zeit genug."

* * * *

Un petit garcon passait souvent par le champs d'un voisin pour se rendre chez lui. Un jour il arriva en retard a sa maison. Sa mere remarqua qu'il avait l'air tres effraye.

"Qu'y a-t-il?" demanda-t-elle.

Son fils sanglotta, "Quelques grands chiens aux taches blanches et noires m'ont pourchasse."

"Je ne savais pas que tu avais peur des chiens," dit la mere.

"Mais, si, maman, quand ils me disent 'meu,' j'ai peur."

EINE DEUTSCHE PRUFUNG

Herr Hall: Morgan haben wir eine kleine Prufung.

Klasse: Ach du meine Gute! Wir kennen es nicht haben! Wir sind nicht fertig! Bitte! Bitte! Bitte!

Herr Hall: Das ist wirklich shade, aber sie mussen eine Prufung haben.

Klasse: Momentmal! Wenn wir eine Prufung haben, glauben Sie, dass wir das Deutsch nicht gelernt haben. Wenn wir das Deutsch nicht gelernt haben, müssen Sie noch einmal versuchen. Wenn Sie noch einmal versuchen müssen, können wir keine Prufung haben.

Herr Hall: Donnerwetter! Was fur eine Klasse ist es? Sie haben recht. Wir haben keine Prufung.

Klasse: Wunderschon! Ausgezeichnet! Gott sei Dank!

HISTORIA ROMANA—A LATIN PUZZLE

Directions: Nine words will be given in English. Give the Latin word for each. The first letters of each word when arranged correctly will form a name, the person having some connection with Roman History.

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| 1. Powerful | 6. Quiet |
| 2. Greed | 7. Tear |
| 3. Inscription | 8. Back |
| 4. Heart | 9. Summer |
| 5. Defendant | |

LA CORRIDA DE TOROS

El deporte mas popular en Espana hoy es la corrida de toros. Pero a los espanoles no hay solo un deporte sino tambien un arte. Que deporte puede igualar la pompa colorada de la procesion de los picadores y toreadores o los movimientos graciosos de los matadores? Todo es enteramente apreciado por los espectadores con aplauso y alegrías.

El parte mas apreciado es la muerta del toro. El acercamiento correcto y la exactitud con la espada trae gritos de delicias de la audiencia.

GIRLS' H.S. SPORTS

CADETTE NOTES

ST. JOE GAME

For two weeks before the P.H.S.-St. Joe basketball game, January 24, the Cadettes practiced in the chilly gym from 8:00 to 8:30 in the morning. The practices paid off, for they gave a fine performance during the half-time of that exciting, unforgettable St. Joe game. We wish here to give a rousing cheer to the team, and especially to Dave Southard, for a game well played.

TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Early in the morning of April 20, twenty-one senior Cadettes and three chaperones (Miss McNaughton, Miss Manvel and Miss Madison) will leave by bus for Washington, D. C. This trip was arranged by Mrs. Walter Karsey, of Berkshire Travel Agency, and financed with the money made from the annual Cadette Fashion Show and the Variety Show. The Cadettes plan to stay at Stone's Motel in Alexandria, Virginia. The itinerary includes visits to the Library of Congress, the Senate, the White House, Arlington National Cemetery and the Kennedy Memorial, Mount Vernon, the Smithsonian Institute, the F.B.I., the Wax Museum, the Washington Airport, the Supreme Court, the National Shrine of Immaculate Conception, the Lincoln Memorial, the Jefferson Memorial, and the Mellen Museum of Art. The group will also meet with Senator Conte of Pittsfield. On April 23, the group will leave Washington, undoubtedly exhausted and very happy, always to remember this highlight of their career as P.H.S. Cadettes.

VOLLEYBALL

The Varsity and Jayvee volleyball teams were active in mid-December competing for winning honors. In the Varsity contest, the winners were the Seniors, and the Juniors took the Jayvee contest. The Senior Varsity team consisted of captain Lynne Swaine, Jeanne Keir, Maxine Zaiken, Diana Nichols, Chris Donaldson, Pat Sheely, Judy Richards, Pat Michaels, Judi Herberg, and Debbie Connor. The Junior Varsity team members were captain Chris Eulian, Patti Johnston, Fran Duda, Diane Curley, Joanne Cadorette, Laurie Allessio, Nanci Walcott, Jan Richards, Marguerite Geer, Pam Munson, Sheila Ryan, Pam Mason, and Mary Tagliaferro. The sophomore team was made up of captains Terry Geer and Nancy Bogle, Orrie West, Barb Conti, Linda Procopio, Kathy Conry, Fran Reardon, Denise Ferland, Colleen Termohlen, Paula Berringer and Sandy Gull.

The Jayvee teams included seniors Elizabeth Nichols, Pat Morrissey, Dana Collins, Agnes Ziemek, Paula Thomson, Margo Marsten, Ruth Pazsit, and Joan Marco; juniors Judy Disco, Mary Whitman, Sue Anderson, Melissa Murphy, Judy Cazavelen, Paulette Priselli, Linda Ramsey, Kerry Meehan, Sharon Quagletti, Sharon Levinsky, Sue Saldo and Jackie Faustine; sophomores Chris White, Dolores Lancia, Paula Malnarcyk, Cathy Porter, Kathy Hill, Sandy LaBlue, Sue Gifford, Chris Belland, Mary Gilson, Peggy Hoeske, Becky Burgess, Sue Symanski, Diane Sargent and Gail Burns.



A LOOK AT THE CHEERLEADERS

Lea Ahlen is the co-editor of circulation for the *Dome*, a member of the Pep Club and a Bousquet's Ski School instructor.

Linda Melvin is on the *Dome* circulation staff and THE STUDENT'S PEN alumni notes staff. She has been a member of the Pep Club for three years and a member of G.A.A. for two.

Gail Cullen is an active art student at the Famous Artists' School. Last year she was homeroom treasurer and a member of the Junior Prom decorating committee. She is a member of Pep Club and G.A.A.

Roberta Bole is on the poetry staff of THE STUDENT'S PEN and the history committee for the *Dome*. Bobbie is a National Merit finalist.

Carol Hall is homeroom representative and a member of the Student Council this year. She is on the features and school notes staffs for THE STUDENT'S PEN. She was on the lobby decorating committee this Christmas.

Carrie Ziemak is a member of the Yearbook activities staff and is cheerleading reporter for THE STUDENT'S PEN. She was homeroom representative in her junior year. She has been a member of Pep Club and G.A.A. for three years.

Linda McDonough is co-editor of school notes for THE STUDENT'S PEN. She is a member of the Pep Club and G.A.A.

Pam Blewitt is co-editor of essays for THE STUDENT'S PEN and a member of the history committee of the *Dome*. She has been a member of G.A.A. and Pep Club for three years.

Dianne Viner is on the *Dome* advertising staff and THE STUDENT'S PEN features staff. She has been a member of G.A.A. for two years and a member of Pep Club for three.

G.A.A. NOTES

On January 29th the G.A.A. held a Ski Night at Bousquet's Ski Area for all members who were interested. The girls met at the high school and went by bus to Bousquet's accompanied by Miss Burgner and Miss McMahon.

Every Friday through January, the leaders club met. Here, the girls learned the proper way to use apparatus. They also used the new apparatus, for much longer periods than they used them in the gym class.

The annual G.A.A. Invitation Dance was held on February 8th. About 250 couples attended this dance which was held in the high school gym. This year the theme was "Melody of Hearts," and Ernie St. John's orchestra played.

February was also the month of the Winter Sports Day. This year it was held at Jug End Barn. The girls participated in a variety of activities, and everyone had a wonderful time.



'THE PURPLE and WHITE SNOWMEN"

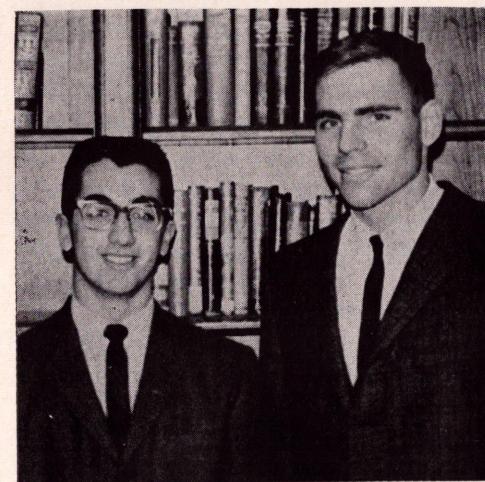
Coach Beneditti's ski team led by Walt Dickie retained the Interscholastic Championship held for the past three years. Through the united efforts of the "Purple and White Snowmen" the team skied away with three meets—one at Beartown State Forest and the others at Pittsfield State Forest.

Walt Dickie's snowy henchmen of the A-team are Peter Robbie, Brian Hendricks, Bill Martin, Charles Goodrich, Ted Sloper, Jimmy Garstang, and John Lovejoy. They are the boys who won the Interscholastic Championship held on February 7th and 8th.

The B-team captain is John Unwin; its members are Greg Rusk, Craig Fenton, Billy Winslow, Myron Braun, Bill Dunn, Robbie Stimson and Wolfgang Bach. They help make up the hub of Pittsfield High's terrific record in competitive sports.

BASKETBALL '63-'64

Once again, this season, the Pittsfield High Basketball Squad has confounded the so-called experts and has proven that their pre season predictions are not worth the paper that they are written on. Yes, once again the P.H.S. team has come through with a very commendable record against stiff competition. Coach Frank M o y n i h a n , Coach McKeever, co-captains Art Delusky and Bob Decelles, and all the boys on the squad are to be congratulated for their fine record and successful season.

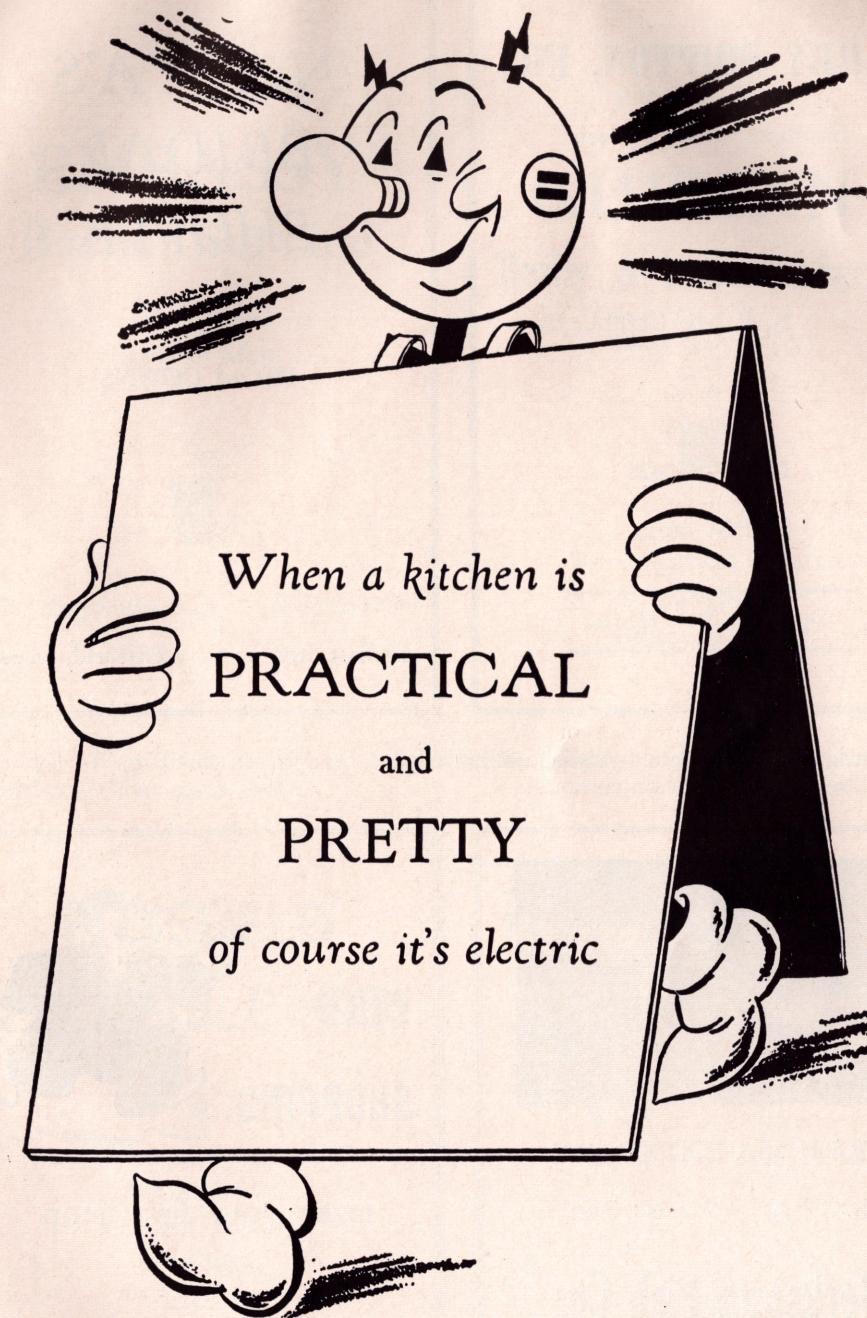


TRACK CO-CAPTAINS

Leading the Purple and White in track and field this year are co-captains Phil Caropreso and Art Delusky. Phil, a college prep senior, plans to enter both the one hundred and two-twenty yard dashes, besides attempting to show his prowess in the broad jump. Art will concentrate mostly on throwing both the shot put and the discus. Phil has been active in the Pep Club and in intramural sports, and this year he was chosen co-editor of faculty section of the Yearbook.

MARCH, 1964

25



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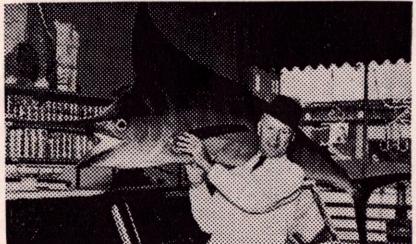


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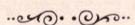
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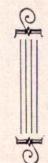


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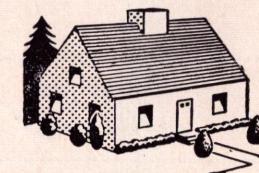


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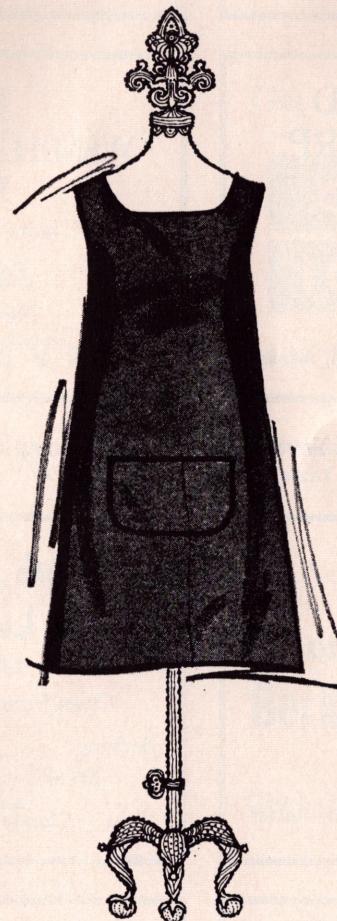
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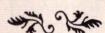
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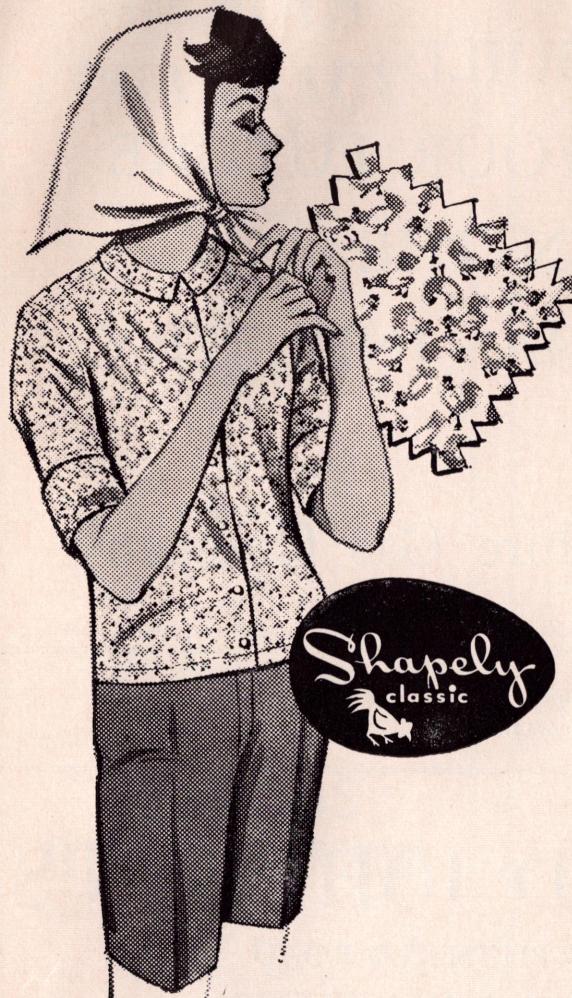


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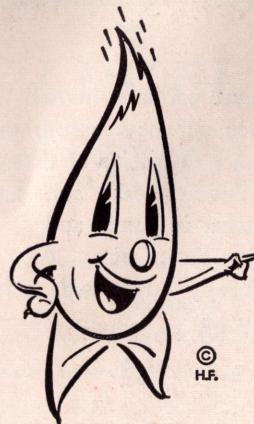
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